

The Messenger

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"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Editor-in-Chief.

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

"THE WAY OF THE CROSS, THE WAY OF LIGHT."

Through the cross comes the crown; when the cares of this life,
Like giants in strength, may to crush thee combine,

Never mind, never mind; after sorrow's sad strife
Shall the peace and the crown of salvation be thine.

Through woe comes delight; if at evening thou sigh,
And thy soul still at midnight in sorrow appears,
Never mind, never mind; for the morning is nigh,
Whose sunbeams of gladness shall dry up thy tears.

Through death comes our life; to the portal of pain,
Through time's thistle-fields, are our weary steps driven;

Never mind, never mind, through this passage we gain.

The mansions of light and the portals of heaven.
—From the German of Rosengarten.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Dr. Johnston, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, sends the following epitome of a letter recently received by him, from Rev. Ambrose Gring, our missionary to Japan. It is deeply interesting, and will repay a careful perusal.

YOKOHAMA, 45 Bluff, Japan, Aug. 11, 1879.

The last letter I wrote you was from Tokio, where we were then stopping with Rev. J. L. Amerman of the Dutch Church. We hoped to be able to settle there at once, but were unable, because we could not secure a house within the foreign concession. The next best thing was to come to Yokohama, eighteen miles south of Tokio, and begin our home here, and commence on the study of the language. It took us several weeks to do this, but now we have secured a suitable house, in a good location, and have succeeded in getting a good servant and wife, and a very good teacher. Our house is small, has only four rooms, a *bungalow*, and very convenient. I could have secured a larger house, but the rent would be considerably higher, and would require more to furnish it. As it is, I have found that a small house requires, after all, a good deal to furnish it. We are paying twenty-seven dollars per month, for the whole compound, servants' quarters and teacher's room. We are very nicely fixed now, and in good running order. Our teacher, a young man of twenty years, has been coming to the house every morning for several hours during the hot weather, but the last week has been sick more or less, and has given us but half of the time. We hope he will soon be well again; for we are both very anxious to get on as fast with the language as possible. He is a nice-looking Japanese, and has had the advantage of seven years' schooling in the University of Tokio, which is under the control of foreigners mainly. He is also a Chinese student, which will be very helpful, since there is so much Chinese mixed with the Japanese writing. He is of the Sama-

rai rank,—two-sworded men,—which custom, of carrying two swords in their belt, around the waist, has been done away of late. He speaks the English language very well, which is a great help to us. He is, I am glad to say, anxious to learn about the Christian religion, and I have engaged with him to give him catechetical instruction. He generally comes once a week, and then on Sabbath afternoon to recite his questions and answers in the Heidelberg Catechism. He is a good student, recites both questions and answers, and generally at every lesson reviews the preceding lessons from the beginning. It is a delight to instruct him, and a more attentive listener I never had. Who can know the great pleasure of breaking the light for the first time to a heathen mind. I never get tired teaching him. He seems to drink it in as something that his soul had long thirsted for. I have my heart set upon him, and I believe that God is going to bring him out into the light of His dear Son, by the Holy Spirit, through the study of His Word. After a short time, I shall have him more under my influence; for he will be here on the place as soon as his room is fixed, which is now in process. I consider it a great blessing from God, that He permits me to labor for Him through my own tongue, while we are preparing ourselves to labor for Him in the native tongue. I hope to make him a good earnest Christian, and a staunch Reformer,—a Reformer indeed.

We are both very well, and much pleased with the country, and like the people. We also are delighted with the study of the language, which, though difficult, yet can be acquired by steady perseverance. We have quite a number of sentences, and a small vocabulary, and can make the servants understand very well. The language is quite musical when nicely spoken, very simple in construction, with very few rules. A good memory is one of the finest assistants to the acquiring of this language.

There is a great field for usefulness here. The large majority of the people have no religion, and Christianity may take these, if she will. There is very little opposition on the part of the people; for they do not have anything to stand on, and are easily led to consider the Christian religion. Oh that the Church might now come in and take Japan for Christ! It is an open field.

For The Messenger.

OUR MISSIONARY POLICY AGAIN.

A late article in the MESSENGER under the caption, "Supply and Demand," is very suggestive, and its statements ought to stimulate our ministers and people to consider earnestly, what is demanded of us under existing circumstances. The fact that we are educating men for the ministry, for whose services there is no demand, is very evident, and unless we make room for them by dividing our many overgrown charges and establishing new congregations, we are doing wrong to these candidates for the ministry, and preparing the trouble for ourselves, which always comes, when our ministers pass over into other Churches, as in our case (it does not seem to be so in other Churches) such transitions are heralded far and wide as evidence, that there is "something rotten in Denmark."

The difficulty in hand, however, does not lie in our colleges and theological seminaries. They are unquestionably right in their earnest endeavors to multiply laborers for the ever widening fields that are "white unto the harvest." The word of the Lord is of the same force and significance to-day, as when He bade His disciples lift up their eyes to behold the greatness of the harvest, and pray the Lord to send forth laborers into the harvest.

We are in the habit of praying for this multiplication of laborers, and when they come, we have no work for them to do; and so what is well done in one department of Church enterprise, is measurably defeated, for want of corresponding enterprise and zeal in another.

While our Missionary Boards have done well—perhaps all that could have been done with the very limited means placed in their hands, the Reformed Church—her people—her ministers pre-eminently, are to blame for want of that corresponding activity and liberality, which would provide for

all the ministers our institutions may furnish, the work they are qualified and ready to do.

Can it be, that our people are generally and habitually less liberal than other Christian people, who yet contribute, with no larger means, ten, perhaps twenty times as much, per capita, as the people of the Reformed Church? A single congregation in one of our large cities made its last Easter offerings twenty-seven hundred dollars, and yet their pastor complained of the comparative smallness of the amount, which, he said, making due allowance for the hardness of the times, ought not to have been less than three thousand dollars.

The congregation referred to is by no means the largest and wealthiest in its city, and yet its gifts to the Lord's treasury, at a single collection, amounted to more than any of our Synods (with perhaps a single exception) contribute annually to the work of Missions.

Is there not something deeply humiliating in this confession to the ministers and members of the Reformed Church, and is it not high time, that we should bestir ourselves to the earnest doing of the work to which the Lord has called us? Only let our ministers give the people an opportunity by educating them properly in this direction, and the means will be forthcoming, with which laborers may be sent into the "fields white unto the harvest."

It will not do any longer, that we plead in extenuation that we have been engaged in fighting battles for doctrine, and sound worship and church order. While, doubtless, as a Church, we have been doing heroic and effective service for the entire Protestant body in this way, which is now coming to recognition far and wide among our brethren of other denominations, yet this internal, intensive work, according to the teaching of our Lord in the twin parables of the mustard seed and leaven—must go hand in hand with the outward, extensive, missionary aggressiveness, implied in the words of our commission—"Go ye into all the world and make disciples," etc.

If anything further is needed to show how fearfully derelict we have been in this regard, (even though it may subject us to the same contemptuous animadversion recently called forth by the statement made in the MESSENGER, that in all New England the Reformed Church has but one congregation) we need only look into the facts as presented in the statistical tables of our last General Synod. Under the heading of Contributions, we find the sum total for benevolent purposes for the preceding three years, to be \$207,416. In another column we find the number of confirmed members to be 147,788, and of unconfirmed to be 90,993. If we divide the amount contributed by the first number, the result will show about \$1.40 for each member (confirmed) during the period of three years, or 46 cents per year for all benevolent purposes. If the division be made by the entire membership (238,731), the sum given by each member during the triennium, will be seen to be about eighty-seven cents, or for each year, twenty-nine cents. And this, let it be repeated, for all the departments of our Church work outside of local congregational purposes.

Is it any wonder, that strangers, looking into our statistical tables, and the work our Church is doing, should say, as has been very recently said to the writer, "Your Church is certainly dying out—of dry rot?" Such a conclusion may not be entirely justified by the facts as known to ourselves, but should the time come in the near future, that an epitaph must be written over our extinct organization, it might well be written thus—Died of Synodical Resolutions.

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For The Messenger.

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS.

[Continued.]

Wilkesburg and East Liberty.—Both of these missions suffered severely from the depression of the times, and found it difficult to meet current expenses and interest on heavy church debts. There was, as a consequence, a feeling of discouragement among the members, which was adverse to the growth of the congregations. Under these circumstances, it was thought best to unite

the two missions, as they are not far apart, and allow them to be served by one pastor. They cordially united upon the Rev. J. W. Knappenberger, after the two former pastors had resigned. This arrangement has proved satisfactory. It has relieved them of a part of their financial burden. They are better able now to meet their pecuniary obligations, and a general feeling of encouragement and hope has sprung up, which augurs well for the future. Mr. Knappenberger entered upon his duties in January last, and desires an appropriation of \$550, the amount given to the two former pastors. Members, 90. S. S. Scholars, 120. There is an indebtedness upon both of the churches. The indebtedness on the church at Wilkesburg was reduced during the past year.

Orbisonia.—This mission has been growing and doing well during the year. Many of the people are poor, but they are faithful to Christ and His Church, showing that they appreciate the kindness of the Church in extending help to them, by the interest they take in their congregations. During the past year, a new church costing \$800, was erected and paid for. Congregations, 3. Members, 106. Baptisms, 14. Additions, 14. S. S. Scholars, 85. Benevolence, \$47. Local objects, \$307. A debt of \$350 resting on one of the churches has been nearly provided for. Pastor J. M. Schick.

Sulphur Springs, Bedford Co.—Congregations, 3. Members, 132. Baptisms, 11. Additions, 5. The church and parsonage at Mann's Choice is worth \$2700. The debt is small. Benevolence, \$33. Local objects, \$357. The pastor reports, that he is at present engaged in establishing missionary societies, for which the people seem to have been prepared. The mission is making a gradual progress and gaining the confidence and respect of the community. Appropriation last year, \$200. This year, \$200. Pastor, William A. Gring.

Chambersburg.—Since the missionary left this congregation more than a year ago, it has been served by the pastor at Chambersburg, Rev. W. C. Cremer, by appointment of Classis. In this way the spiritual interests of a small body of Germans have been provided for. This arrangement is probably the best that could be made for them. There are no indications, that it will grow in numerical strength in the immediate future as a German church.

Duncannon.—Members, 125. Baptisms, 7. Additions, 14. S. S. Scholars, 150. Benevolence, \$50. Local objects, \$200. Value of church property, \$2300. The Classis of Zion paid \$1100 and the congregation \$200 for the removal of the remaining debt on the church. Attendance good and the congregation encouraged in their work. Prospects of becoming self-supporting good. Appropriation last year, \$300.

First Church, Allegheny City.—This mission had been without a pastor and without preaching for more than a year. At the meeting of the Allegheny Classis at Pittsburgh last spring, after a careful examination into its affairs, it was found to be in a truly deplorable condition. Still it was not considered to be without hope, and the Classis authorized the Superintendent to supply it temporarily with the services of a missionary, with the view of ascertaining whether anything could be done to resuscitate it and place it on a better foundation. The licentiate, Rev. Robert C. Bowling, was selected for this purpose, and he took charge of the mission for a period of two months. His labors have been satisfactory and the prospects now are, that the congregation will recover itself, and that, if assistance can be extended to it for a while, it may yet be raised above impending difficulties and be made a prosperous congregation. In view of these facts, the Board, at its recent meeting, commissioned Mr. Bowling as missionary at Allegheny city with the former appropriation of \$400.

Shenandoah.—Members, 200; Baptisms, 25; Additions, 35; Sunday School Scholars, 220; attendance good. Value of church property, \$3,000. The debt which had been considerably reduced during the present pastorate, is at present about \$2,000. Amount paid for local purposes, including pastor's salary, \$500. The prospects of becoming self-supporting are encouraging. The principal difficulty in the way seems to be the large amount of indebtedness. The appropriation last year was \$300, which has

been made up by one or two congregations, an example much to be commended. Appropriation this year, \$300. Pastor, A. J. Neff.

Johnstown.—There was a Reformed congregation at this place several years ago, but the church was sold and the congregation was disbanded. Very few of the members, however, surrendered their church connections. Their number in fact was increased, by additions from other churches in the surrounding country. Upwards of forty members of our Church were found in the town, who desired the services of a minister of their own faith. The Rev. William H. Bates, whose charge is contiguous, was requested to take charge of this interest and serve it as missionary for the present. The prospects of this new mission are good. It may perhaps need some aid in the future. It is promising. Mr. Bates does not receive any appropriation.

St. Luke's, Lancaster.—This congregation was organized in January last with nine members. Its present number is 22, thirteen having been confirmed at Whitsuntide. The Sunday-school, made up principally of the children of the poor, is prosperous and doing a good work. It numbers 125 scholars. Thus far this mission has been worshipping either in an engine house or a school-house, neither of which was a suitable place for worship. This difficulty, it is expected, will be removed before long. An effort is at present in progress to erect a chapel yet this fall, subscriptions for which have been received amounting to something over \$1200. The mission was taken under the care of the Board in December last, but the pastor had charge of it in April a year ago, without any visible means of support, except in his own resources, sustained by faith in God. He receives an appropriation from the Board of \$300, and such other aid from his congregation and the other churches in the city, as is needed for his temporal support. Pastor, Jacob F. Wiant.

Overton, Bradford Co.—This charge was formerly under the care of the Board, but has been vacant for a number of years past. The members hungering for the bread of life have been exerting themselves to secure a pastor, in which the Superintendent has assisted them. They have united on the licentiate, Phaoen S. Kohler, who is now laboring among them with acceptance, and with good prospects of success. He has just formed a large class of catechumens. The services on Sunday are encouraging. Thus far he serves only the two congregations and a preaching point at Dashore. There are two other small congregations in the neighborhood of Dashore, which have not as yet entered into the arrangement with the other two, but may still do so. Members thus far reported, 105; Sunday School Scholars at Overton, 80. Appropriation not yet determined. Church property worth about \$900.

Lutrobs.—The congregation at Lutrobs during the year was detached from several country congregations, and placed under the care of the Board as a mission, by the recommendation of the Board of Missions of the Synod of Pittsburgh. It was believed, that it needed more pastoral labor, and that, under this new arrangement, it would grow more rapidly and in a few years become self-supporting. The pastor reports, that facts thus far do not encourage that view of the case, although the charge has been making encouraging progress during the present pastorate. Members, 80; Baptisms, 9; Additions, 14; Sunday School Scholars, 55; Church Property, \$4,000; Debt, \$1,800; Benevolence, \$50. Amount paid for local purposes, \$350. Appropriation, \$200. Pastor, R. D. Gurley.

Mansfield.—An independent German congregation at this place applied to the Classis of Allegheny last spring to be received into the Reformed Church, and requested the services of the Rev. Charles Kuepper, as their pastor. The request was granted, provided certain conditions were first complied with, and in that event, the Executive Council voted an appropriation of \$50.

Trinity Mission, York Co.—About ten months ago the Rev. W. H. Xanders was appointed by the Council to labor as missionary in the town of York, and at other places in the neighborhood without an appropriation. He has organized a new congregation at Glenrock, served an organized congregation at New Freedom, and has several preaching places, one of which is Trinity chapel in York, where congregations may be organized in the course of time. The prospects of the mission are represented as encouraging. Members, 50; Baptisms, 2; Confirmations, 7; Sunday School Scholars, 250. Church property worth about \$700. Amount collected for local purposes, \$275.

Family Reading.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." JESUS.
The golden lights of the summer
Lie on the laughing land;
The voice of song is borne along
By the breeze on every hand;
The flowers spread out their beauty,
Above the vivid green;
And the water's rush, and the forest's hush,
Make tender the glowing scene.
But the cooling kiss of the summer air,
And the joy and beauty everywhere,
Are proofs of Almighty loving care.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

There are sounds of a gathering tempest,
And the clouds are black as night;
O'er the earth is spread a shade of dread,
And all things sigh for light;
The leaves of the green woods quiver,
And a silence falls around,
Till over the hills with a haste that thrills,
The thunder peals resound,
And angrily falls the pelting rain,
And sullenly roars the mighty main,
And the heart grows sad with a fear of pain.
But our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

The daylight calls to labor,
And the work we have to do
Claims all our powers for the flying hours,
And we must each task pursue.
Although we are often weary,
And the aching hands hang down,
There is much to be done ere the rest be won,
And we wear the victor's crown,
But the toil that comes to us day by day,
And even the troubles that throng our way,
Do more proofs of the love of God display.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

We joy in the radiant season,
The time that we love the best,
When the sea's calm flow, and the sunset glow,
Is bringing the needed rest.
Oh! sweet is the summer golden,
And glad is the early morn;
And soft is the light that falls at night,
Upon the whispering corn.
For all the world sings happy lays,
And our hearts are stirred to songs of praise,
And God comes near in the holy days.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

Yes, need of the light and shadow,
Need of the loss and gain,
Need of the rest and the labor,
Need of the ease and pain;
For some great useful lesson
Is taught by all that falls
On our spirits here, till the rest be near,
And the voice of the angel calls.
Praise unto God! His love shall guide
To the sheltered place by the Saviour's side,
And all is good whatever betide.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

—Marianne Farningham, in *London Christian World*.

STORY OF A JEWISH MAIDEN.

"I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion."—JER. iii. 14.

She was the only child of respectable parents residing in one of the rural districts of the kingdom of Poland, and was brought up with great care and tenderness. Even when yet quite a child, she was of a reserved and pensive disposition. She rarely joined other children in their lively sports, and would rather sit by herself, full of quiet thought. She never had any intercourse with Christian children, nor did she show any desire to become acquainted with such. Thus her life sped away in undisturbed quietude until she attained her sixteenth year. About that time she was one day sitting by herself in her father's garden, which was separated only by a wooden fence from the garden of her Christian neighbors. Several girls were playing on the other side of the fence; but of this the Jewish maiden took no heed, until a cheerful shout startled her. A young friend rushed up to the merry group, crying, "Look here, is not this a pretty book? My father has just bought it for me." A short pause ensued whilst the new acquisition was being examined, and then one of the girls exclaimed, "Oh, I know that! that is the New Testament: I will read a piece to you."

The portion chosen was the nineteenth chapter of St. John. This thoroughly roused and deeply interested the Jewish maiden. The words, never heard before, sunk deep into her heart. She also well remembered that the book had been called the *New Testament*, and she determined to get possession of a copy. This was not very difficult. She then commenced a regular course of reading, and very soon she felt so attracted by that Saviour, full of love and compassion, of whom every page spoke, that she determined to acknowledge Him to be her Master. She unbosomed her thoughts to her parents, and entreated them to read the New Testament for themselves and adopt the Christian faith. The parents were struck dumb with surprise. Was this their own daughter, once so timid and simple, and now pleading with such fervency the cause of the God of the

Christians? Was this possible? And how had the girl acquired these notions, all intercourse with Christians having been studiously avoided? Their amazement was equal only to their indignation. They forbade the girl ever again to speak on this subject, and threatened her with their extreme displeasure, yea, with a curse, if she ever dared to think of becoming a Christian. The poor girl turned away in silent sorrow, but in her little closet she would still read her precious book and never tire.

A year later her mother had to leave home on pressing family business, and she was detained beyond expectation. Before she returned the father was seized with a violent disease. The devoted girl sat day and night by her father's side, not only nursing his sick body, but also speaking to him lovingly and persuasively of Him whom her soul adored. Her little Testament in hand, she proved to him that Jesus was the Messiah who had suffered and died for sinners, and with her eyes full of tears she exclaimed: "Beloved father, accept Him as thy Saviour. Say that He is thy Redeemer; and if thou shouldst then be called away, we shall meet again in the glorious place where He resides."

At length the eyes of the dying Jew were opened. He beheld the Lamb of God bearing the sins of the world; he called upon His name and found peace. The dear Hebrew maiden had the unspeakable happiness to hear her father utter the wish, before he departed, publicly to confess himself the disciple of Jesus and to be baptized in His name. Thinking of nothing but his salvation and her happiness, the girl hastened off to a Christian minister residing at some little distance. To the latter all this was as new as unexpected. He listened complacently, but objected to doing things so hurriedly. Besides, he observed, the Jewish community was large and influential in the place; the thing would not be tolerated; he would never get admittance to the dying man's bed. In the course of the conversation the minister quoted the parting words of the Redeemer, with which He had instituted the ordinance of baptism, and for the present he dismissed the girl, saying, "Go and pray for thy dear father; repeat to him the words thou hast heard from me, and may the God of all grace accept him as His child!" The girl did as she was bid, and not very long after her father died in peace, freely confessing that he trusted entirely in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was not until the twelfth hour that he learned to know His name.

Anxious cares had still kept the mother at a distance. She returned not until after her husband's death, unconscious of the solemn events that had taken place in the mind of the departed one. When the news broke upon her that he had died a Christian she was thunderstruck. Her fury knew no bounds. She and the Jews that assembled around her, stirring up the wild fire of fanaticism, fell upon the poor helpless child, and so ill treated her that she sank and fainted. But, in the midst of much bitter persecution, she continued steadfast and faithful to the truth contained in her New Testament. All at once the maiden disappeared. She had been sent to distant relatives, the mother said, to be cured of her foolish obstinacy. Six weeks later, however, the girl turned up in the public streets—but in what a state! Her clothes torn and filthy, her hair hanging down wildly over her face and shoulders, her hands and feet bleeding, she ran through the streets crying for help. A crowd soon gathered. The poor girl said she had been locked up in a cellar all the time, and her mother having now, in a frenzy of passion, threatened to murder her, she had, after a fearful struggle, succeeded in making her escape. The police now interfered and shielded her from further assault. She was escorted to Warsaw, and after a course of instruction, made a public profession of Christ. May peace and grace be multiplied unto her.—*Monthly Reporter*.

HOPE FOR THE MOST DEGRADED.

A Canal-boat captain in relating the story of his conversion at the Fulton Street prayer meeting, recently said he blessed the Lord for lifting him up out of the miry clay and from the horrible pit. There were between ten and twelve thousand men at work on the canal boats, and a very degraded class they were. They were considered by many to be beyond the pale of hope, so far as any possibility of redemption was concerned. They were only "canalers," and what good could anybody do them? was the sneering way in which they were spoken of. Indeed, the men regarded themselves as entirely outside the consideration of God or man, and so were very abandoned characters. The speaker had been a very profane man, and given to drunkenness and dissipation. He drank, his wife drank, his children

drank. The little one, three years old, had already learned to drink. But in a gospel service held on board a Christian captain's boat he had learned that there was something better than sin for an immortal soul to feed on. Christ was presented to him, the Saviour of the lost, the bread of life for hungry souls, and when he heard the good news that the Lord Jesus just as surely died for him as He did for any other man, he did not delay in seizing so glorious an opportunity of possessing life everlasting.

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?"

It was my lot to live for some years in one of those antiquated Welsh towns with an unpronounceable name (to a Saxon) of which a willingly incredulous stranger might say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Among the members of my class was an old Welsh lady, Mrs. O——.

Providence had once smiled upon her in temporal affairs; but the Father had tried His child by taking away from her the "light of her eyes" as "by a stroke," and her children withered and died one by one, so that she lived "alone, yet not alone."

"'Twas little she could do," for poverty, as is often the case, was accompanied by sickness, so that by the earnings of her needle she barely subsisted. Parish authorities added to it a weekly pittance; and this was all she had, save the kind gifts of friends.

I often visited her in her little room, and often found her confined to her bed.

When tickets were renewed, if she were not present, I hastened to take her ticket, knowing what pleasure it gave her to receive it.

Visiting her one day for this purpose, I found her in great weakness.

On handing to her the ticket the conversation ran thus: "I have brought you your tickets, Mrs. O——, but you need not give anything."

"Oh! but I must."

"No! no! I'll see that your name stands all right on the class-book."

"Sir, if you will look in that little cup on the shelf you will find the Lord's money."

"But the Lord does not wish you to give to His cause what you absolutely need. I can't take it." And then the "hot rain" fell down her aged cheeks as she said, "'Tis but little I can give to the Lord, but what did He give for me? 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Take it, sir, I can't eat my morsel happily if you don't."

And so I took it, and murmured blessings on the head of her whose heart "the love of Christ" did so "constrain," and prayed that evermore I might remember, "Ye are not your own." Reader, "how much owest thou unto the Lord?"—*Rev. Samuel Wilkes*.

COARSENESS.

Any lack of refinement in one's manner, or any incivility in one's ordinary personal address, ought certainly to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidences of a strong character; and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt man," who is above shams and pretences.

Now, while coarseness may exist along with strength of character and righteousness of life, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help. It is, of course, true that refinement is not righteousness, and that a rude and ignorant saint is always better, in G. d's sight, if not in man's, than a refined and intellectual sinner. But that is not the question at issue. The only point concerning which one ought to think is the question whether a lack of graciousness in character and courtesy in manner is in itself a good thing or a bad thing. Unfortunately, there is too common a tendency to confuse this question by considering it along with totally irrelevant matters. Badness is sometimes polished; goodness is sometimes rough; therefore, illogically concludes the hasty reasoner, anxious to excuse his own coarseness, rude strength is better than courteous strength. This shallow argument finds plenty of acceptance, because it is a great deal easier for most people to be thoughtlessly coarse than to be studiously gentle; and so they conclude that it is a matter of little moment whether their manners are attractive or not.

Every one who is trying to lead a good life, should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life. By abandoning gentleness of disposition and graciousness of word and deed, he throws away a means of growth and an effective weapon. Coarse Christians little know how often they play into the enemy's hands. It is almost always a grave mistake, in a matter of manners, or in any other matter, to try to put yourself on other

people's level. If you are trying to do right, the chances are that, by adopting a coarse manner of speech or action, you will degrade yourself, both in your own eyes and in those of him whom you are trying to reach, and yet will fail in the good you seek. Rude and rough people are ready to excuse themselves for their own coarseness; but, after all, they despise it in those who are striving to instruct and help them.

Cleanness and brightness and winsomeness, in thought and word and deed and manner and material surroundings, are always ready to help what is good. Coarseness and dinginess and ugliness are evils that must sometimes be endured, but ought never to be defended as virtues in themselves. If a bad man lacks refinement, his manners are of a piece with his morals. But for a good man to be common in tastes, ungrammatical in speech, repulsive in personal appearance, and rude in conduct, is a proof that he is willing to put his goodness to a very severe test in the eyes of the world; and that he does not not find, from his reading of the Old Testament and the New, that God desires that all things be done decently and in order.—*S. S. Times*.

THE SAFEGUARD.

A baby crept to his father's knee,
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near
To fierce temptation or deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown, an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land,
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the world to-day;
We see no white-robed angels mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand,
The hand of a little helpless child.
—Elizabeth W. Denison, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years.—If we have had a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have gathered around our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world hasn't changed the tone of the holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their lives.

SCRAP-BOOKS.

To carefully lay aside a good thing, not immediately needed, against a time when it may be wanted, is only a matter of common prudence in every-day life. The farmer does so with his seeds, with his agricultural tools and implements, and with his money; but he seldom does so with a good article in his paper. It happens not unfrequently that an instructive article appears in this and similar journals at a time when some of the readers cannot straightway utilize the information contained in it, however useful it might be to them at another season. Prudence would in such a case suggest that the article should be carefully preserved, for reference when its information might be beneficial; but often, even if prudence's suggestion is at once obeyed, carelessness soon loses the paper.—*Rural New Yorker*.

A TIRED DANCER.

A young lady said, one morning, at a fashionable watering-place, "I am so tired that I cannot hold up my head, and my feet are both blistered, dancing at the hop last night." A Christian ventured to ask her if she had ever been so tired working for Christ, and if she had ever blistered her feet in His service? She replied, "How strangely you talk! God does not require it of us. You do not believe in the doctrine of penance?" "No, I do not believe in self-appointed penance; but the Bible often speaks of self-denial and suffering for Christ. But did your heart never demand as great weariness of your body for Him who gave His life for you as for the gratification of your senses in the ball-room?" Her answer was, "You are so stiff and long-faced that you would deprive young people of all happiness!"

Many persons have, at some period in life, been, like this one, worn out with pleasure, and have gone limping over it for days. When did we ever limp from our work in God's service? When had

we to bind up wounds received from cross-bearing? When were we foot-weary on His errands of mercy? We think of Him going barefoot, or at best with but a sole upon His feet, over the stones of Judea, where the footways are as full of sharp rocks as a newly stoned road, and heated under a sun of one hundred and twenty degrees, and on these He often walked twenty miles a day, with bruised feet, for us!

HOW GIRLS ARE MADE STRAIGHT.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. H. Spry says that this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, back-boards, skipping-ropes, &c. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jars as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with their hands. The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim, over a rough road, and not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art of knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

MOLASSES POUND CAKE.—One-half cup of sugar, one half cup of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus; flavor with cinnamon and ginger.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET.—When the pile is pressed down, cover a hot smoothing iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapors arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk.

RICE CAKES.—A pint of cold, boiled rice, one-half pint of bread crumbs; cover with milk that is just beginning to turn sour, and leave in a cool place over night. In the morning add one quart of flour, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt and soda (bicarbonate) to sweeten; bake on a griddle; the milk must not be too sour.

TO MAKE pearl barley pudding, which is cheaper and better than rice, soak the barley over night, having first washed it thoroughly. Boil it in the same water it was soaked in, in a covered tin vessel, set inside a kettle of water, to prevent the barley burning. When cooked soft, add eggs, sugar, currants, raisins and nutmeg in the same proportions as for a rice pudding.

WHITE MOUNTAIN BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Sixteen cups of flour, half a cup of white sugar, one cup of butter, one of yeast, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and four cups of boiled milk. Melt the butter, have the milk blood-warm, and mix the bread; set in a warm place, and rise over night; in the morning shape into long rolls, rise one hour, and bake half an hour.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Take two quarts of flour, and rub into it a tablespoonful of lard and a little salt; put in a deep bread pan, and make a hole in the flour, into which pour one pint of cold boiled milk and half a cup of yeast. Cover the pan and let it stand all night; in the morning stir it up and knead well, and set it in a warm place to rise; let it rise to a light sponge (it will rise in an hour and a half); then roll it out on the board about half an inch thick; cut with an oval cutter, and fold about two-thirds of it; lay them on tin sheets; let them rise an hour, and then bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. If you have breakfast at seven, you must be up at four to have them ready. This preparation was also made into sticks.

POINTS IN CAKE MAKING.—The butter should be perfectly sweet and free from buttermilk; the butter and sugar should be thoroughly beaten together. Powdered sugar is preferable to granulated, as the latter is slow in dissolving; the whites of the eggs should be beaten to a stiff froth, and added to the sugar, butter and yolks; fruit should be rolled in flour and added at the last moment. Soda should be pulverized and sifted into the cake with the flour. The hand of a wooden spoon is best for mixing cake. An important point is the heat of the oven. The cake should begin to bake at once, but should not brown immediately. The oven door should be seldom opened while the cake is in it. The gem-pans are excellent for baking cake, first heating them as for Graham gems.

Miscellaneous.

BEYOND IT ALL.

I hear a glad some wind that sings
In budding copse and waving grass;
And on the hill, like living things,
The light cloud-shadows slowly pass;
How soon from forests far away
Will ring the wood-dove's summer call,
And roses open day by day!
But I shall go beyond it all.

Beyond the hopes of life and time;
The songs that end when sunshine dies;
The blooms that wither in their prime;
The passing blush of evening skies;
Beyond the chill of rains that beat
On flowers that fade, and leaves that fall;
Beyond the bitter and the sweet—
Beyond it all, beyond it all!

Beyond the fitful light and shade;
The idols crumbling into dust;
The graves where patient hearts have laid
Their memories of love and trust;
The voices that have changed their tone;
The dreams that fly, the joys that pass;
The grief that only One has known—
Beyond them all, beyond them all!

I thank Thee, Father, for the thought
That all the work of life is done;
The story told, the battle fought,
The rest eternal nearly won.

Thy love has kept me till the end,
My waiting spirit hears Thee call;
Draw near, O never-changing Friend,
And guide me home—beyond it all!

—Sarah Doudney, in *Sunday at Home*.

SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE VATICAN.

The Pope has appointed Cardinal Herengeröther librarian of the secret archives of the Vatican. It is the first time that a cardinal has been appointed to that office, which has been filled by a prelate, who was also canon of St. Peter's Church. When Sixtus V. formed the magnificent library of the Vatican, which all who have ever visited it will remember for its wealth of frescoes and marble porcelain vases, as well as for the rare old manuscripts and books, he separated the most valuable books and documents and placed them in another apartment. This apartment consists of fifteen rooms, but it has become too small to contain the books and manuscripts, and the observatory will be added to it. The archives are divided into three parts; the first, called the archives of Avignon, comprehends all the documents collected while the Popes were there. It fills four large halls on the first floor, and comprises many valuable secret documents.

The second division contains the documents which had been collected in the Castle of St. Angelo until the French came to Rome, in 1798. They are generally the accounts of the political and economical administration of the Pontifical State. The castle St. Angelo, originally built as a mausoleum for himself and family by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, was used for centuries by the Popes as a fortress.

The third division of the secret archives contains the correspondence of the Papal Ambassadors at foreign courts until the reign of Clement VIII., when a Secretary of State was appointed. This part contains also a miscellaneous collection of more than eight thousand manuscripts, the greater part of which came from the tribunal of the Inquisition. One of these, with a faded green cover and composed of two parts, evidently taken from other manuscripts and put together, was intently studied a few years ago by Professor Domenico Berti. It is an account of the two trials, at an interval of sixteen years, of Galileo, and is the original document of the Inquisition. It was with great difficulty that Professor Berti obtained permission from the ecclesiastical authorities to take notes from this volume. The result of his studies is contained in an interesting book, entitled "The Original Trial of Galileo Galilei." It was first published three years ago, but having obtained additional documents on this subject, Professor Berti republished his work last year. A worthy companion to it is "Copernicus and the Copernican System in the Second Half of the Sixteenth and the First of the Seventeenth Centuries," by the same author. He obtained the material for this book chiefly from the libraries of the Universities of Bologna, Padua and Rome, where Copernicus studied. Copernicus spent eight years in Italy, and enjoyed the advantages of the instructions of the distinguished men who then taught in the Italian universities.

The immortal work in which he announced his astronomical theories to the world was published only a short time before his death, and Galileo, like another Elisha, gathered his precious mantle. It was for him the glory and the torture of his life. Imbued with the grandeur of the conception, he could not refrain from publishing it abroad. He wrote, taught and spoke of it until the superstitious theologians of his day called him to account for teaching heretical doctrines.

The accounts of the trials of Galileo, separated from other records of the Inquisition and united, were carried to Paris during the French occupation of Rome, in the early part of this century, and after remaining there forty years were restored to Italy. If this single document, brought to public notice by the perseverance and influence of one person, is so interesting, what treasures must be hidden in the other eight thousand manuscripts of the Inquisition? What records of sighs and tears and courageous submission would be found there! It is said that at the interrogation, as well as at the torture of a person suspected of heresy, a secretary of the Inquisition assisted. Every word, every sigh or exclamation of agony was recorded and laid away in the archives of the institution, and these are the documents that are still kept so jealously guarded in the Vatican. It is probable that among these manuscripts would be found the original copy of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which was carried before the tribunal by order of Cardinal Dubosquet. And many another work of philosophy, art, science, poetry or religion will doubtless be found accompanying it. Here the productions of the bravest and the best, of the most cultured scholars of Italy for centuries past, are buried. It is forbidden to enter the archives, and over the door is an inscription in the marble to that effect. But some day even these secret treasures will be brought to light, for the restrictions of the Roman Church are of no avail against the march of modern ideas.

This has received a new illustration lately in Rome. When Rome was under the control of the Papal government, no Protestant church was allowed to be built within the walls, and the English Episcopal church was therefore situated just outside of the Porta del Popolo. Now, however, numerous Protestant churches ornament the city, and the English church, which has for years been without the walls, will erect a building on the site of the old convent of "Gesù e Maria." This, I believe, is the first instance of a convent being converted into a Protestant church, and if the City Council does not make objections the work of transformation and rebuilding will soon be commenced.—*N. Y. Observer*.

CABUL.

Cabul, the Afghan capital, is believed by its inhabitants to be fully 6,000 years old, and they console themselves with the further belief that it was on its site that the Arch Enemy of mankind fell when he was thrown headlong from Heaven. The city for a short period was the capital of the Mogul Empire under Baber. In 1738 it was taken by Nadir Shah, and annexed by him to his Persian dominions. It suffered a temporary eclipse in the middle of the last century through the rise of its southern rival, Candahar. The latter, founded in 1754 by Shah Ahmed, the greatest of Afghan sovereigns, rapidly grew into one of the largest and most flourishing cities of the kingdom; but on its founder's death, in 1772, his effeminate son Timour retransferred the seat of the Government back to Cabul, where it has remained ever since.

The city stands upon the river of the same name, immediately above its confluence with the Loghur, at the western extremity of a plain in a recess formed by the junction of two mountain ranges. The plain is bordered by low hills and dotted with countless villages, and the Afghan metropolis has a striking picturesque aspect, heightened by the innumerable gardens which are the prominent feature of every Asiatic city from Tashkend to Damascus. The houses are of wood, but much neater and more commodious than is usual in Eastern towns. The great bazaar and several of the public buildings are of essentially modern construction, thanks to the partial demolition of the place by the English in October, 1842; but it possesses one splendid monument of antiquity in the tomb of Emperor Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty of India. Bala Hisar, the citadel, stands on the declivity of a hill to the southeast of the town, and contains the palace and other buildings. The town is in part covered by weak ramparts, but is not surrounded by walls, although it is divided and subdivided internally by walls, through which the different quarters communicate with each other by means of narrow gates. The river is spanned by three bridges, one of which is a substantial structure of stone and brick. The climate of Cabul is surprisingly healthy on the whole, although the great difference of temperature between day and night exposes foreigners to the risk of fevers and ophthalmia. The winter, which begins in October and lasts until March, is rendered severe by the proximity of snow-covered mountains and the great elevation of the city—6,396 feet above the level of the sea. In summer the inhabitants live almost entirely in the open air, but in winter the wealthy

portion keep within doors. The town lies on the great caravan route between Persia and India, and is thus a place of considerable trade, but its own industries are not very important, consisting chiefly in the manufacture of iron-ware, leather, cotton goods, and shawls. The place is widely celebrated, however, for the variety and excellence of its fruits, such as apples, pears, pomegranates, and grapes. The population at present is estimated at 60,000.

From a military point of view, the position of Cabul—which may in this respect be compared to Sophia, the capital of the new Principality of Bulgaria—is admirable for all purposes of defense. Placed at the intersection of four great roads leading to Koondooz, Herat, Peshawur, and Candahar, it is protected on the north by the snows of the Hindoo Koosh, and on the southeast by the westernmost spurs of the Suliman range, while the more practicable approach from the southwest is commanded by the impregnable fortress of Ghizni, the Afghan Gibraltar, whose capture in 1841 was only accomplished by treachery. In a word, Cabul needs nothing but a complete system of fortification to make it one of the strongest places in Central Asia.

INDUCTED BY DRAGOONS.

A correspondent of the *Vermont Chronicle* describes in an interesting anecdote the state of ecclesiastical matters in Scotland a hundred and forty years ago:

"About five miles from Roxburgh (in the south of Scotland) is the village of Maxton, near which a Roman encampment may be distinctly traced. There is a singular story current among the people in that part of the country respecting the settlement of a minister in the parish of Maxton, a brief recital of which may serve to give some idea of the condition of matters at that time and in that part of the country. About 1740 the living of Maxton became vacant, but the parishioners were greatly opposed to the settlement of the person appointed to the charge. Accordingly, when the Presbytery met to ordain the minister they were assaulted, some of them were hurt, and the whole body forced to fly without the ordination taking place. Another day of meeting was appointed, and that the clergyman might then be inducted the Presbytery were accompanied by a troop of dragoons. On approaching the village the malcontents were observed, in considerable numbers, drawn up to oppose the progress of the clergy and their attendants. Seeing this, Mr. Ramsay, minister of Kelso, whose convivial powers rendered him very popular, but who had suffered severely in the first skirmish, prevailed upon the commanding officer to order a halt, and then rode forward himself among the rioters. 'What is all this?' cried he. 'Do you expect always to have the upper hand? You beat us the last time and, my wig being lost, I had to ride home with a bare pow, but to-day I am better provided, I have a spare one in my pocket.' Thus saying, he pulled out a wig and showed it to the crowd. This ludicrous sight, with the unexpected speech by which it was accompanied, disarmed their wrath. A loud laugh was raised, and no farther opposition attempted. The minister was ordained and lived long and harmoniously with his parishioners.

"The congregations of the Established Church now choose their own ministers, and unless they disagree among themselves there is no one who has the power of interfering with the settlement of the minister whom they have chosen as their pastor."

SCOTCH DEER FORESTS.

Scotch forests are most lucrative to their owners. The rents paid are enormous, and not many years ago would have sounded incredible. Lord Dudley paid a rent of £5,000 a year for the Reay forest. The £5,000 represent 5,000 deer, as far as may be computed, and some 60,000 acres over which they roam, comprising some of the loveliest of Scottish scenery. These deer are the finest in Scotland, often attaining eighteen stone, and they possess the peculiarity of forked tails. Lord Dudley does not seem very keen about his deer. Months of the season will pass away before he begins deer-stalking. The deer of the other forests seem to find this out, and when hard beset flee for safety to the Reay forest. The Scotch have a great regard for the original Lord Ward, who first took a pleasure-yacht into the almost unknown northern waters of Scotland, and set an example to tourists in penetrating to the farther recesses of the land. Last season Lord Dudley had the famous Black Mount Forest, in Argyllshire, belonging to Lord Breadalbane, paying £4,500. The forest stretches for twenty miles, the haunt of the finest red deer; and the sport has been excellent, though deer stalking is exception-

ally difficult in this country. Lord Aveland is credited with almost the best shooting last season in "lone Glenartney's hazel shade." The Inverness-shire shootings reach a total rental of some £65,000 a year. It is all very well for Prof. Blackie, in his *Braemar Ballads*, to denounce the incursions of the Saxon:

"A London brewer shoots the grouse,
A lordling stalks the deer."

The regret of the Gael is not that they come in such numbers, as that there may be a falling off in the number of his southron guests. The visitors furnish employment, promote trade, put heaps of money in brisk circulation, and increase the comforts and savings of the peasants. If they can really reclaim the wastes, and find sufficient food and employment to save Highlanders from emigrating, doubtless so much the better, but the issue is problematical and certainly remote.

HOW THE SEA IS SALTED.

Many people imagine that ocean water is naturally salt, and will be surprised to know that the salt comes from the rocks and is washed into the sea. The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for its saltness. It does not originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution it accumulates in masses at very deep points, which, in the revolution to which matter is subject, may again be a stratum of salt somewhere remote from where the mass was formed. Thus the salt mines of Poland, and the vast horizontal bed of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in Domingo, was collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry and remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from water is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed up with the soil. The negroes of Kalhul, in Northern Africa, having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. By evaporating the water holding it in solution, an excellent article for domestic purposes is produced. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses, and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is as necessary as with ourselves for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply, and blindness would be universal.

Selections.

Believers have a life that death can never touch.—*Romaine*.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

It is our duty to be happy, because happiness lies in contentment with all the divine will concerning us.—*Bethune*.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—*Chesterfield*.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good, will not do it long.

He who bears failure with patience is as much of a philosopher as he who succeeds; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.

Better a cheap coffin and a plain funeral, after a useful, unselfish life, than a grand procession and a marble mausoleum, after a loveless, selfish life.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

There are a few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, or their hatred by scorn or neglect.—*Zimmerman*.

Never despair, though the world forsake thee. God is ever ready to take your heart, though broken, and to give you more in return for it than the world can ever promise.

It is not the same thing to be wise that it is to understand; for many, indeed, are wise in the things of eternity who cannot in any sort understand them. Knowledge is sought if it hath not its use for piety.—*S. Gregory*.

Science and Art.

Paper is now substituted for wood in Germany in the manufacture of lead pencils. It is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the requisite thickness. After drying, it is colored, and resembles an ordinary cedar pencil. The pencils sell in London to retailers at about 66 cents a gross.

Bending hard wood, especially beech, by means of hot water or steam, is known to be somewhat costly as regards fuel, and, moreover, requires a long time. But an invention has recently been brought from Germany, it appears, for making sieve hoops and similar objects by a dry process more cheaply and in less time, from simple cut wood. Two rollers are employed in the operation, one above the other, and having less velocity, so that the up-

per acts by holding back, while the lower extends the wood fibres. When the board, thus bent, leaves the rollers it is fastened in the mouth of the sieve; the upper roller is fluted, the under one smooth. If two smooth rollers were used, a very much greater pressure would, of course, be required.

Mr. A. R. Wallace calls attention to an interesting observation made by Charles Waterton, which throws some light on the origin of one of the superstitions of natural history. Ever since the time of Aristotle, at least, the belief has prevailed that the bird known as the "goat-sucker" (*Caprimulgus*) actually sucks goats or cows. According to Pliny, the goat-sucker "enters the fold and flies to the udders of the goats in order to suck the milk." The fact that the birds "fly to the udders" of the animal is confirmed by Waterton, but at the same time he shows how erroneous is the inference that they suck the milk. "I am fully persuaded," writes that ingenious observer, "that these innocent little birds never suck the herds, for when they approach them and jump at their udders, it is to catch the flies and insects there."

MOTORS FOR STREET RAILWAYS.—One of the New York street railways has recently placed on its line several of the cars of the Pneumatic Tramway Engine Company. They are propelled by compressed air, which is stored up in reservoirs placed in the unused space under the floor and seats. The reservoirs are charged at one terminus of the route by a "compressor plant," and the car is then ready for a run of twelve miles. It appears like an ordinary car, but is larger. A speed of twelve or fifteen miles per hour can be attained, and the car can be stopped within its own length. The speed is regulated by a driver, who, by the means of two levers, can start and stop it with ease. It is thought that the cost of operating these motors will not exceed one-half the cost of running cars by the present method, and that they will enable the surface roads to compete on favorable terms with the elevated roads.

A very remarkable collection of ancient American pottery, now on exhibition in New York, is the fruit of explorations conducted by Mr. J. A. McNeil in an ancient cemetery at Chiriqui, Panama. The graves in which these articles of pottery were found lie scattered along the Pacific slope of the foot hills of Mt. Chiriqui, and the "cemetery" covers thousands of square miles. The graves are found at varying depths, sometimes being as much as fifteen feet below the surface, and sometimes not more than two or three feet. Many of them appear to have been opened again and again for successive interments. They are walled up at the sides and ends with round stones, which are plainly water worn, and are covered over the top with flat stones, some of them weighing three hundred pounds. The articles of pottery found in these graves are principally jars and tripods.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Personal.

The late Thomas Wilson of Baltimore bequeathed over half a million dollars to public charities.

The Princess Louise at the military review in Toronto, says a correspondent, "the plainest-dressed woman in sight. She wore a short riding habit, decidedly the worse for wear, a hole in it being conspicuous. There was not a bit of trimming on it anywhere; the only piece of color was a buttonhole bouquet of bleeding hearts on a green leaf. She wore a plain linen roll collar, fastened with a stone-rose gold brooch. Her earrings were large pearl drops. Her face was shielded by a black veil, with large black spots, and her gloves were of dogskin."

It is announced that a most important promotion is in store for Sir Garnet Wolseley. Next spring General Sir Frederick Paul Haines, G. C. B., commander-in-chief in India, and the holder, therefore, of the most lucrative military post in the world, will complete the usual term of office, and the Government, it is said, will appoint Sir Garnet as his successor. Sir Frederick Haines is 60 years old, Sir G. Wolseley 46. The latter will be the youngest officer ever named to this command, the salary attached to which is £12,000, with allowances and traveling expenses.

The fiftieth marriage anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams occurred on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at Quincy, Mass. It is an interesting and very unusual fact that three golden weddings of successive generations of the same family should have been observed in the same house. That of President John Adams and his wife was celebrated on the 25th of October, 1814. That of their son, President John Quincy Adams and his wife, on the 26th of July, 1847. The third has just taken place. It will be noticed that the intervals between these occasions were respectively thirty-three and thirty-two years—almost exactly the life-time of a generation. At the time of their golden weddings President John Adams was 79 and President J. Q. Adams had just entered his 80th year. Mr. C. F. Adams is 78.

Books and Periodicals.

SUMMER AND ITS DISEASES. By James C. Wilson, M. D., Physician to the Philadelphia Hospital and to the Hospital of the Jefferson Medical College, and Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis in the Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1879.

Contents: Chapter I. The Summer; Chapter II. Sunstroke and Heat Fever; Chapter III. Summer Diarrhoea and Dysentery; Chapter IV. Cholera Infantum; Chapter V. Summer and Autumnal Fevers; Chapter VI. Summer Colds and Hay Asthma; Chapter VII. The Skin in Summer, and its Diseases.

LAURA'S ASPIRATIONS; OR, THE NEXT THING. By R. B. Hollis, Author of "Adventures of a Day," "Katherine's Experience," "Glimpses Through," "Words and Deeds," etc. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union, No. 1122 Chestnut St. New York: 8 & 10 Bible House, Astor Place, Chicago: 73 Randolph Street. St. Louis: 207 N. Sixth Street. pp. 315.

This neat, finely illustrated volume, we heartily commend. The style is singularly pure—almost a model of good English, and what is better, the teachings of the book are eminently Christian.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 1840, September 20th, 1879. Contents.—History and Politics, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Sarah de Berenger, *Advance Sheets*; A New Vocation for Women, *Macmillan's Magazine*; The Queen of the Whigs, *Temple Bar*; A Little Story, *Temple Bar*; Justice to William, *Cornhill Magazine*; The Paradise of Editors, *Examiner*; Mr. Gladstone on Marketable Beauty, *Spectator*; The Old Records of the India Office, *Examiner*; Caves of Prehistoric Man in Moravia, *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Poetry.—The Mandolinata, *Sunlight on the Sea*, Half-Hearted. Published every Saturday by Littell & Co., Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1879.

FOREIGN SPICES AND SOPORIFICS.—A WORD FOR JAPAN.

Our Church has now a missionary in a foreign field. After sweeping the horizon for some years, a suitable man was found, and he had a good send-off, if the formalities of a farewell service, with speeches, mean anything. Since then the MESSENGER has sought and published every floating item wafted from Japan. We have condensed the political movements of that country and placed them among the paragraphs of news from lands beyond the seas. We have copied upon our 'Miscellaneous' page, and among the reading matter for the Family and the Youth, accounts of the geography of the country and habits of the people. We do not hope, that those, who are interested in but one department of the paper, have noticed all these things. At any rate, some persons wish to be enthused up on the subject, and we do not regard it a bad sign that they ask for such information as will interest and excite them to action. Such people are far better than those, who think the shame of having done little for foreign missions has been wiped out by sending a man across the Pacific, and that they may now give the subject no farther concern. These last seem to rest under the impression, that their whole duty has been performed, like the man who boasted, that he had helped to call a first-class pastor, and even "subscribed to the salary," but who never felt called upon to pay what he had promised.

Well, for this latter class, we have some foreign spice, or, rather, a soporific, which may help them to go to sleep upon what has already been done. It will help the non-giving brethren to indulge the hope, that, in this fast age, there are short cuts to the work of God, which will do away with every thought of anything like sacrifice. It appears, that a Mr. Hoffman Atkinson, for several years resident in Japan, and later, secretary of the American legation at St. Petersburg, like the "disabled minister," who discovered a cure for consumption in South America, has found out a plan by which Bro. Gring will be saved the necessity of studying the language of those, to whom he is to preach the gospel. That, of course, will save time and labor, and, what is more, *reduce expenses*. This Bro. Atkinson has invented a new means of communication between the Japanese and foreigners. It consists of catchwords and signs, such as an American citizen, unacquainted with the dialect of a North American Indian, would use with Sitting Bull, if he wanted to convince that chief of the impropriety of lifting the hair of a well-disposed adventurer. True, the book that sets forth this new means of intercourse is smiled at by experienced missionaries; it is laughed at by philologists, and even the native press of Japan—a well-accredited, highly-conservative *hari-kari* journal—the *Nishin Shingissi*, says, "We have feared this. Our oldest institutions have been broken up, our currency tampered with, our hair cut the wrong way, and now this book comes along and pulls the roof off our language."

A writer, in as reputable a periodical as the *New Quarterly Magazine*, touching upon this subject, alleges that the world has always been pleased with the stories of Jonah's gourd, Jack and the bean-stalk, and similar instances of sudden growth, simply because they were marvellous and startling, and therewith the world was content. But, according to the law of evolution, as man develops the spirit of inquiry, his

myths and stories either vanish or become colored with new lights. Thus, the latest story of sudden growth, which is, of course, American, tells us, that a father was in a barn, in which, extended on some bags of guano, lay his little boy, fast asleep. A thunder shower arose, and the parent, rising with it, went to the house. Then came a crash—the barn had been struck; and an instant after, the old man, turning his head, saw a giant ten feet high, following him. Something in the face seemed familiar, and to remind him of happier days, and he cried, in a faltering voice: "Tommy, is that you?" "Yes, daddy." "Great sakes! what on airth made you grow so?" "Well, daddy, I reckon it was the lightning' acting on the guano did it."

If any one thinks this has been shaken out of our own sleeve, we refer him to a late number of the above staid magazine, in proof of the fact, that we are not inventing an illustration. The point made is, that since the introduction of guano, the world has acquired Japan, and, with it, a fresher instance still of sudden growth, in keeping with this fast age. We are sorry to think, that many are ready to apply this idea to Christian missions. Only plant a man on a foreign shore, and the short-cuts of nature, whose arcana is now open to science, will do the rest of the work. There is no use to pray for him, much less to support him while he acquires the knowledge necessary to his usefulness. The present order of our fallen life will recover itself from the power of sin without the Christ of God; and if philology does not come up to the mark in opening a good and easy road to the hearts of men, the gift of tongues will be repeated; if a missionary wants money, he need only run down to the Bay of Yeddo, and throw in a line, the coin will be in the mouth of the first fish he takes.

In the name of common sense, we protest against all these false notions. We have no right to presume upon God's help, if we do not use the means placed in our hands; and we plead with our people to come up to their duty, even though it be through sacrifice. We have already had letters from our foreign missionary to the Board, and this week we give one written to the Secretary. We ask our pastors to read all such letters to members of the Church at meetings appointed for the purpose; we ask parents to read them to their children in the family circle, that a sense of Christian privilege and obligation may apprehend them.

We are not prepared to say what practical effect the sending of a missionary may have had upon our people, but we hope brother Kelker will send us special communications upon the subject, and that the matter of need and supply will be kept before the Church. There is no use to wait in this matter until all doctrinal differences are settled. If we wait for that, the present generation will go to the judgment bar, only to be abashed and condemned for burying its talent in the napkin. We have no right to withhold our means until the balance will be found against the Church, on the ledger of the treasurer, and put the Board to the necessity of reducing the appropriation to the missionary.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

They have in Canterbury, New Hampshire, what is known as the "Worsted Church," which is thus described by the summer correspondent of the *Boston Traveler*. "The interior is a mosaic of needlework of vines, flowers and decorations of worsted in all colors and designs. Few persons would believe that such charming effects could be produced with such material. Crocheted lambrequins cover the curtains at each window, and baskets filled with zephyr wool flowers hang from the centre. Harps, crosses, anchors, wreaths of flowers and festoons of vines are placed between large tablets of artistic designs gracing the walls like ancient tapestry, and inscribed with Scriptural selections. These tablets and inscriptions are composed of various colored crimped tissue papers upon a background of cloth. The lettering is well executed, and no two inscriptions are in

the same character. An immense ornament of flowers and drapery is suspended from the centre of the ceiling with two large arches of flowers spanning the interior of the church. The flowers look so fresh, that the beholder is almost tempted to pluck a regal lily, a blushing rose, a radiant dahlia, a modest forget-me-not, or the lily of the valley with its fairy bells."

If this description had been taken from the fifth century when the Cathedral of Tours was trimmed with lace for the baptism of Clovis; or if the picture had been drawn in modern times at the Old English place of the same name with its noted See, it would have been regarded as a bit of ecclesiastical flummery. But when it is asked, Who has done this work in the Granite State? the answer comes, "A young widow, who made a work-room of an apartment near the church, and who not only decorated the walls during the week, but conducted services every Sunday for five years, reading Mr. Beecher's sermons from the pulpit."

We do not refer to this matter to condemn what was doubtless a labor of love. There is a great deal of precious ointment poured out at Jesus' feet in homes and in churches, and we are not disposed to ask with Judas, why was all this waste made. Except for what woman does, many a house would be devoid of the charms that add so much to the beauty of life, and many a sanctuary would be as devoid of all expression, as if the good Lord had ruled all æsthetic taste out of His service. We have often thanked God, for the sanctified thought and skill, that have made a poor building devoted to Him, cheerful and comely, and we believe it would be better, if the refinement, which Christianity is sure to bring with it, were made to take this direction. But the point to be observed here is, that such things as we have here called attention to, are very apt to come from people, who would denounce them in others as ritualistic.

THE GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

This Synod commenced its annual sessions in Zion's Reformed Church in this city, of which the Rev. Dr. N. Gehr is pastor, on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant. As the retiring President is pastor of the church in which the Synod holds its sessions, the opening sermon was preached at his request, by the Rev. John B. Kniest, of Buffalo, N. Y., based on Ezekiel iii. 17-21. The Scripture lesson was read and the opening prayer offered by the Rev. John F. Busche, of New York.

After an appropriate introduction, the speaker dwelt upon the special mission of the ministry and eldership of the Synod, in view of the peculiar circumstances in which they have assembled and the character of the work committed to their hands. He then referred to their weakness and strength, as regards their qualifications for the discharge of the duties devolving upon them; they are weak in and of themselves, and beset also with powerful enemies and the temptations of the evil one; but strong in their Lord and Master, and in the power of His might, and fully equal to all that is required of them. Their work also involves the highest degree of responsibility; but is likewise, when faithfully performed, attended with a rich reward.

The discourse was instructive and appropriate to the occasion. In several instances, he quoted from the beautiful hymnology of the Church, with marked effect, and among the rest, in connection with the second head of his discourse, from that inimitable hymn of Walderdorf, of which the following is a literal translation, and which, though published in our columns over a year ago, will bear repetition:

Who with the Lamb's bride can compare?
Who does such want, such plenty share?
Who is so crude, so fair and vital?
Whom can such good, such ill befall?
Of Thee, O Lamb of God! I Thy blest host,
Both men and angels, filled with wonder, boast.

By grace I am hereof assured,
I am a part of Thy reward:
So wretched as to shock the sight;
So grand that foes are put to flight;
So vile, that others all are less defiled;
Yet as upright as Thou, the Father's child.

A worm into the dust pressed down,
Which rises to a royal crown;

Afflicted, grieved, exposed, and ill,
In songs of praise rejoicing still.
So weak that all my skill in nothing ends;
So strong that Satan from my pathway bends.

Betrayed, forsaken, and accursed,
Yet by the Lord sought out and nursed;
A fool before all worldly wise;
Still stored with wisdom's rich supplies.
Dislodged, pursued, o'ercome with all my plans,
And yet a victor bearing fadeless palms.

Who am I, when it me concerns?
A pit in which sin's poison burns.
Who am I, Lamb, with Thy bright shield?
A man to whom the angels yield.
So pure, so white, so fair, so choice, so gay,
That words me fail, when it I would portray.
O sin's great load, how down it weighs?
O faith, how dost thou me upraise?
Who here the secret purpose knows?
He only who faith's spirit shows;
Who, through Christ's blood, together brings again,
What else must heaven-wide apart remain.

This is the Godhead's marvelous scheme;
And this His heart's fond aim and theme;
A master-piece of nothing wrought;
So far Christ's blood has matters brought.
Here search and still adore, ye seraphim!
Our lot admire, and shout, and thank ye Him!

At the close of the sermon, the Synod organized, by the election, by acclamation, of the Rev. John B. Kniest, President, and the Rev. C. Boerchers, Corresponding Secretary. The Synod then adjourned until the following morning at nine o'clock. This Synod is the youngest of the Synods of the Reformed Church in the United States. It consists of five Classes, centring around as many prominent cities in which their congregations are located, such as New York, Buffalo, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., Philadelphia and Pittsburg, Pa. It embraces about forty ministers and as many congregations, and has a communicant membership of about eight thousand. Though a comparatively young Synod, it evinces a commendable degree of vigor and efficiency. F.

OUR PUBLICATION INTERESTS.

In our report of the proceedings of Synod, we simply stated, in reference to the report of the Committee on Publication, that it "proposed sundry action looking to a retrenchment in expenses, and the more efficient prosecution of the operations of the Board in future." The former, of course, involves a lessening of the force in the direct employ of the Board, induced by the fact, that the actual income has not been sufficient to cover the current expenses. Still, it is a question, whether this is economy in the right direction, and whether the necessity plead for it, ought not to be overcome in some other way. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss this question at this time and place. We wish to refer more particularly to what the Committee proposed, as looking to "the more efficient prosecution of the operations of the Board in future."

For the accomplishment of this latter object, a series of resolutions to the number of eight were adopted. The first calls urgently upon all parties knowing themselves to be indebted to the Board, either on book or periodical account, to liquidate their indebtedness as speedily as possible. The second requests the Board to devise some method by which the long credits and the consequent ruinous loss may be hereafter avoided. The third urges the exercise of greater care in trusting persons not known to be good. The fourth requests all pastors and members within the bounds of Synod to employ their best efforts to increase the patronage of the Book Store and Printing Establishment. In the fifth, the Synod puts upon record its solemn protest against the dishonesty of those, who buy books and subscribe for the Church papers and neglect to pay for them. The sixth requests the Board to make earnest and persistent efforts to collect as much as possible of the outstanding claims. The seventh suggests to the Board the propriety of using a cheaper grade of paper on the "MESSENGER" and other periodicals; and the eighth and last, requests the Board to instruct its Agent in the Book Store to take special pains to secure only such things as are more especially needed to supply the wants of the Reformed Church.

This, it must be admitted, is a long list, and the nature of them is evidence of the earnestness of the Committee in the discharge of the duty assigned them. It is to be hoped, that they will be attended with the desired effect. So far,

however, as any of them may be considered as implying, that the Board and its Agents have been derelict in duty, it is sufficient to say, that they have been doing faithfully in the past, all that is here suggested and urged, and they purpose doing so still in the future. Every possible effort has been put forth to collect outstanding dues. Our large bills for postage stamps give abundant evidence of this fact, and to this might be added the testimony of the delinquents themselves. On an average, from thirty to fifty letters have been mailed in a single day, the most of them enclosing special duns. The returns on them, however, have been singularly small. May we not hope, that, with the present promised improvement in the business affairs of the country, better success will attend these efforts in the future! The very care urged to be exercised in several respects in the future, we must also say, has been faithfully exercised in the past. We receive, however, all in a spirit of kindness, and trust our delinquent patrons will not fail to lay the solemn admonitions addressed to them seriously to heart.

Let the Church become properly united in heart and in efforts to promote its common interests, as we trust will soon be the case, and let all our ministers, elders and deacons and the members of the Church in general, make common cause in the way of advancing the interests of the Church, for the securing of which end, the extensive circulation of its periodicals and other publications is absolutely indispensable, and all will soon go forward smoothly and prosperously. May the Great Head of the Church speed the coming of that auspicious day! F.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." Thus the psalmist, to whom the Church of God was more precious than all else under heaven. The pious King and pre-eminent type of the Prince of Peace had much sad experience, not only on account of the afflictions which God's people endured from without, but much more on account of dissensions within. As in the days of the apostles, so in David's time, the children of covenant mercy, forgetful of their holy calling, instead of cultivating the spirit of love, the bond of perfectness, were often ready to devour each other in the heat of bitter controversy and partisan rancor. At such times the royal psalmist could best serve the cause of God in Israel, and relieve his burdened heart, by praying "for the peace of Jerusalem."

And the Church is still afflicted by the emulations and strifes of her members. Deplorable are her divisions, still unhealed. That even the members of the same denomination are not of one mind, and have allowed their differences in non-essentials to hinder co-operation and zeal in the Master's work, must also be confessed. Controversies arising from mere difference of opinion on minor points of doctrine have become (unhappily too often) far more bitter than could be justified by the matter in dispute. And war in the Church is generally of this suicidal character; not between truth and falsehood, or faith and unbelief, as the belligerents vainly suppose, but only between modes and forms, and things not essential to the creed of a genuine Christian. The unity in essentials is broken by the strife about non-essentials. Thus, parties in the Church would move heaven and earth to establish some favorite theory, of no vital importance, at the fearful risk of neglecting the weightier matters of faith and charity.

There can be no peace, nor should there be, between faith and unbelief. Let there be war to the death against every spirit that denies, in any shape or form, that Christ is come in the flesh and whatever is involved in that sum and substance of divine revelation. But between the true contents of Christian faith on the one hand, and soul-destroying heresy on the other, there is room for human speculation and opinion. But opinion is not faith. True Christians may have different opinions, but only one faith, as surely as they have one and the same Lord, and one baptism. As

Youth's Department.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger they say."
"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder, me Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care:
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
"If He lay His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
"Among the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord."

"Now why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;
And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

—Churchman.

THE BURNING HUT.

Sheosahai, the Brahmin, stood in his straw-thatched cottage gazing on the image of Krishna, the dark god, which for centuries he and his fathers had worshipped.

His young son, Sheo Deo, who from his birth had been paralyzed in his limbs, lay on his mat near, and thus addressed his father:

"O father, the time for pujah ('worship') has come. Why do you not prostrate yourself before Krishna?"

Sheosahai made reply: "My son, I was at the mela (fair) yesterday, and there was a man preaching; and I stood to listen, and his words have troubled my soul. He said that thousands of years ago the mighty God came down upon a mountain in fire and smoke, and that from the midst of the fire and smoke, a terrible voice gave this command: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them.' I would fain have cast dust at the speaker; and yet his words clung to my soul, for he spake as one who knows that he speaks the truth."

"Was the great God of whom he told the God of the Christians?" asked Sheo Deo, who had heard something of their religion before.

"The same," replied his father. "And the preacher went on to say that in England thousands of years ago, men bowed down to idols and worshiped the work of their own hands; and then the people were feeble and few. But the nation has long since cast away idols, and now men read their holy book and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore England is mighty, and a blessing rests on the land."

"Oh, father, do you not fear the wrath of Krishna when he hears you repeat such words?" cried Sheo Deo, looking up in alarm at the painted image.

Sheosahai made no reply; he turned and slowly left the hut. Perhaps the thought arose in his heart, "Has Krishna power to hear them?"

After his father's departure Sheo Deo lay still on his mat, from which he could not move, and often he gazed up at the idol, and turned over in his mind the strange words which his father had heard.

Presently there came a terrible storm. The thunder roared above like the noise of a thousand cannon, and fierce lightnings flashed from the darkened sky; the whole earth seemed to tremble with the fury of the great tempest. "Was it in a storm like this?" thought Sheo Deo, "that the awful voice was heard from the mountain, 'Thou shalt make no graven image?'"

Then came a more terrible crash than Sheo Deo had ever heard, and the moment after there was a smell of burning, and then the glare of fire above. Lo! the lightning had struck the hut, and the thatch was blazing over the head of the wretched boy, who, paralyzed as he was, could not even crawl out of the burning dwelling. The red light glared on the image of Krishna; to the terrified Sheo Deo it seemed almost as if the idol had life.

"Help me! save me! Oh, save thy worshiper, great Krishna!" he cried, while the heat around him grew more and more fearful, even as that of a furnace. But the image stirred not, heard not; the sparks were kindling upon it.

Then, in the agony of his terror, the poor Hindoo bethought him of the Christian's powerful God; even in the presence of the idol he clasped his hands and uttered the cry, "O Lord Jesus Christ, if Thou canst save me, oh, save me!"

At that moment Sheosahai burst into the burning hut. The Brahmin looked at his helpless boy lying on the mat, and then on the idol which he had so long worshiped. He had no time to save both; which should he leave to the devouring flames! Only one day previous the Hindoo might have hesitated in making his choice, but he did not hesitate now. He caught up his son in his arms; he bore him forth from the fiery furnace. "If Krishna be a god he will save himself," muttered the Brahmin.

The hut was soon burned to ashes, and the idol lay a heap of cinders within it.

Sheo Deo lived, and in the following year, after much instruction from the missionary, he and his father received the water of baptism, believing that which is written in the Holy Scriptures: "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."—*Indian Stories*, by A. L. O. E.

BROWNIE AND GOLDIE.

Brownie and Goldie were a pair of canary birds who lived in a large cage, were well cared for and sang merrily in the sunshine.

They had a nice warm nest in one corner of their house, and raised several families of little birdies.

If you have never seen young birds, you cannot guess how homely they are at first. They look as if they were all head and legs and never could grow into anything pretty. But in two or three weeks how they have changed!

Their bright black eyes open—for they are blind at first like kittens; they get on their feather coats of bright yellow or brown and gold, and begin to sit on the edge of the nest and look around them.

Another week and you will truly call them little beauties. They are just as pretty and lively as anything can be.

Well, Brownie and Goldie at one time happened to have only one egg to hatch. They were very much pleased with their one wee birdie, and meant to take the best care of him.

But they gave him the same amount of food that was usually shared by three or four, and the poor little thing was so stuffed that it nearly cost his life.

Do you know that birds have a kind of pouch or bag something like that the mother-kangaroo has, where they put their food?

The birds' pouches are on their necks, near their beaks and covered with feathers. I suppose these are given them because in a wild state they must gather their food hastily, and they can thus carry it home and really eat it afterward at leisure.

Have you ever watched birds feeding

their young? They really put their bills into the bags and pull out the food.

Brownie and Goldie's little birdie lay on his back gasping and plainly in distress. They never wasted a moment in complaining or fussing, but went right to work to relieve him of the extra burden of food.

They thrust their own bills into the pouch on the young bird's neck, and quickly drew out a part of his dinner. As soon as this was done, up jumped little birdie as well as ever.

Brownie and Goldie were very happy at their success and they really seemed to learn by experience, for their little one was never again in a similar plight. —*Youth's Companion*.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

If you perceive that anything in your ways makes your parents unhappy, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend on it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love them, keep their commandments, otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little; trust them, therefore, when they differ from you and refuse compliance with your desire. They watch over you for your good, and are entitled to great deference. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents by misconduct, bad temper and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.

HOW TO SEE A SEED GROW.

Many little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root.

We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, round which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or drop down in the centre of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on under ground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white threadlike roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large and gave way to a stalk or stem.

In this way most seeds may be seen to grow.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

"Oh, George, look there!" said little Annie. "The old gray cat just sprang through the window and broke Cousin Mary's beautiful rose geranium plant all to pieces. Oh, isn't it too bad? How vexed Mary will be about it!"

"My sister don't get vexed about such things, dear little Annie," said the boy. "I have never in my life seen her really vexed but once, and that was when she caught some bad boys tormenting a poor cat to death."

"But here she has good reasons to be angry," insisted little Annie; "no one could help being vexed about it."

"It is indeed a pity; but you will see that Mary knows how to make the best of the affair."

A little while afterward Mary herself came into the room. Her pleasant face

beamed with the good nature which ruled her mind. She was humming to herself a morning song. But when she saw her beautiful geranium knocked down upon the floor she stood suddenly still. "Ah, who has done that?" she cried with pain.

"The ugly old cat broke it, dear cousin. I saw it myself," said little Annie.

"Poor puss! she did not know what a mishap she brought about. That plant was my favorite among all my flowers. But come, dear Annie, don't make such a long face. We must just try to make the best of it."

"I think there is no 'best' about it."

"Oh, it is not so bad, by any means, as it might have been. The fine stalk isn't hurt and it will soon put out new shoots. The large branch that is broken off will look very pretty in a bouquet. Shall we not make one at once for mamma? This cluster of scarlet blossoms we will put in a glass in a saucer, with some geranium leaves and snow-balls around the edge. Mamma will admire the bouquet, for she loves flowers dearly. Now, little one, don't you think there can be a best side to the affair? I really think that our puss has done us a kindness in preparing in so unexpected a way a pleasure for us."

"I do believe," replied little Annie, with surprise, "that you have found the brightest side of it. I could not have done it possibly. I should have felt rather like killing the old cat from anger."—*From the German*.

THE WOLF.

BY A. L. O. E.

You need never fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable,
I'll give you its moral as well as I'm able;
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet every-
where—
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault, he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the very large eyes.
'Tis ready to snap, and to trample and tear—
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no
concern;
Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the very large ears,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness, that's like the wolf in the wood
With the very large mouth, ever prowling for
food,
That eats so much more than for health can be
good—
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if
it could;
That never a dainty to others would spare—
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each thus ap-
pears
As a wolf with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big
ears;
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,
They cause bitter quarrelling, trouble, and tears.
Oh! chase them and cudgel them back to their
lair—
Beware of the wolves! little children, beware!

A BIT OF HISTORY.

On May 29 bands of English children go about with a sprig of oak in their caps or button-holes, and holding a nettle in the right hand they cry, "Show your oak!" "Show your oak!" Should the person thus hailed have no oak leaves about him, he—according to the rules of the game—is pricked with the nettle.

This play celebrates the coming of Charles II., after a long exile, to the throne of England on May 29, 1649. Prince Charlie, as he is still called by the Scotch, was the hero of many adventures. He had to hide himself time and time again in all sorts of places from his enemies. These enemies were Englishmen, who had beheaded his father, Charles I., and now wished to capture him. They had been driven to these deeds by many acts of oppression and cruelty on the part of Charles I. The Scotch fought for Prince Charlie, but were badly defeated in the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, when Charles had to fly for his life. He escaped with about fifty or sixty friends, but thought it safer to separate from them and hide himself where he best could. The Earl of Derby advised him to go to a place on the borders of Staffordshire, called Boscobel. There was a lonely farm-

house there in which lived a loyal farmer, named Pendrell. In this retired spot Charles stayed some time, working himself as a woodman, with Pendrell and his brothers. This disguised Prince shouldered the axe and cut fagots in the neighboring forest.

On one occasion the soldiers were so persistent in their search, that it was thought unsafe for the fugitive to be seen. He therefore mounted a huge oak and sat concealed in its branches for twenty-four hours. While he was in the tree he could see the soldiers underneath who were searching for him. He even heard them wishing they could find him.

After Charles' escape and restoration, the tree which sheltered him was called the "Royal Oak," and it long enjoyed a great reputation in the neighborhood.

It would be pleasant to say that Prince Charlie learned wisdom from his troubles, and ruled Great Britain wisely and well. But such is not the case. He made a selfish, unprincipled king. The woodman, Pendrell, was, however, rewarded by a pension. And the symbol of the oak recalls to us his fidelity as well as the escape of Prince Charlie.

Pleasantries.

"There now," cried a little girl while she was rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "Grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

A precocious youth in North Wheeling, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand."

That was a funny remark of the little girl who was sent out to hunt hen's eggs. She thought, as she did not find any, it was strange, as she saw "lots of hens standing around doing nothing."

"There are too many women in the world; sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

PATRICK—"And, Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's too many of us in the wurld. Now, if you and me got the praiste to make us two wan, troth won't there be wan the less?"

"How was the world made?" is being discussed in a scientific magazine. We weren't there, but we suppose they got all the subscriptions they could raise along the survey, and then bonded the rest of the work and pushed it through.

Eulalie's sweet poem, entitled "The Cucumber's Victim," says the *St. Louis Times-Journal*, has been received, and is respectfully but firmly declined, on the grounds that we cannot encourage a muse which makes "really gorgeous" rhyme with "cholera morbus."

The *Albany Journal* states that an Englishman with a note-book in his hand was hit in the head with a clam-shell by a careless boy, as he came off the New York boat. He immediately went to the Delavan and wrote a chapter of his impression of America, entitled "How Albany Strikes a Stranger."

A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden, who was quite the reverse. "Jones," said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old man, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."

"As fine a field of potatoes as ever attracted a bug," remarked Mr. Smiley, as he leaned over the fence and complacently viewed the growing crop, mentally noting that the seventeen dollars he had invested in Paris green would have bought more tubers than he could raise on a lot twice as large.

"How long will it be before you get this work done?" said a lady to an apprentice who was painting her house. "Well, I don't know, marm," said he; "the boss has just gone to look for another job; if he gets it, I'll be done tomorrow, but if he don't, I'm afraid it'll take me all next week."

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General News.

HOME.

Advices from Memphis express the hope that the epidemic is passing away.

General Grant arrived at San Francisco on Saturday evening and had a most brilliant reception.

A sect of fanatics under the name of "Peculiar Children," has appeared in Osakana, Wis. A farmer is the leader of it, and by him the members have been led into literal interpretations of such passages as "except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Superintendent Lamb, of the Bank Department, has sent a letter of inquiry to savings banks in regard to illegal expenditures. This is in accordance with the opinion of the Attorney-General, published several weeks ago, that trustees could be held to liability for these expenditures.

The month of September, says the *N. Y. Observer*, has been set apart by the Presbyterian Church for collections in aid of the Presbyterian Board of Relief for Disabled Ministers and the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Ministers. On the first of the month \$25,000 were needed to meet the exigencies of this fund, which is one of the most needy and imperative charities of the Church. Nearly 2,000 persons have become dependent upon this source of relief, through the infirmity or death of those who had devoted their lives to the ministry of the Gospel.

FOREIGN.

Since 1870 Protestants have built fourteen churches in Rome, opened many schools, asylums, and reading-rooms, and distributed millions of Bibles and tracts. Several new church edifices are in contemplation.

A Christian church has lately been built on a hill near Jabra, India, by native Christian masons, carpenters and other artisans, and these workmen were originally thieves by profession. In consequence of having become Christians, they have not only forsaken their evil ways, but learned their various trades. This good work is mainly the fruit of Mr. Narayan Sheshadri's labors.

Bishop Tirrell, who lately died in Australia, left \$1,200,000 to the Episcopal Church Missionary Society, under which he labored thirty years in that country. He had not returned to his native land during all that period. How he came by so large an amount of money is not told, but it is a well known fact that many of the very wealthy in the Church of England are becoming more and more interested in the cause of missions. The gift meets the pressing needs of the society, as it ran in debt last year \$105,000, making its entire deficit the large sum of \$144,000.

The First Reformed Dutch Church of Holland, Mich., have had their consciences disturbed by the doings of Freemasonry, and at a general meeting recently they resolved that it is an institution that leads men to perdition, rejects God, profanes his name, abuses his Word, and imposes upon the members duties in conflict with the will of God. The Church was moved to this action by the fact that a considerable number of ministers, elders, and other members of their communion belong to the fraternity. The Hollanders propose to exclude all such from their fellowship hereafter, and ask their classes to declare against the Order.

London, September 22.—The *Standard's* correspondent at Ali Kheyl reports that an important embassy has arrived at that place from the Ameer of Afghanistan bringing assurance of his fidelity. A holy war is being preached in the Ghaz valley and among the Mongols. Great preparations are being made by the rebels, and a vigorous resistance may be expected at Cabul.

Calcutta, September 20.—The Viceroy of India has received a letter from the Ameer of Afghanistan, dated September 16, inclosing a report from his brother, Ayoub Khan, about the outbreak at Herat. Three regiments participated in the mutiny. They mutinied because they had been ordered to march to Kohistan, where disturbances had occurred. Ayoub Khan asks to be allowed to resign his command. The Ameer hopes soon to regain control of affairs, when he will exhaust his resources and energies in maintaining faith with the British.

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